

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

*Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.*

*Rich.* Now Clifford, I haue singled thee alone,  
Suppose this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,  
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,  
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now Richard, I am with thee heere alone,  
This is the hand that slabb'd thy Father Yorke,  
And this the hand, that slew thy Brother Rutland,  
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,  
And cheeres these hands, that slew thy Sire and Brother,  
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,  
And so haue at thee.

*They Fight. Warwick comes, Clifford flies.*

*Rich.* Nay Warwick, single out some other Chace,  
For I my selfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.*

*Hen.* This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,  
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,  
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night,  
Now swyes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,  
Fore'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:  
Now swayes it that way, like the selfe-same Sea,  
Fore'd to retyre by furie of the Winde:  
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:  
Now, one the better: then, another best:  
Both tugging to be Victors, brest to brest:  
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.  
So is the equall poise of this fell Warre.  
Heere on this Mole-hill will I sit me downe,  
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:  
For Margaret my Queene, and Clifford too  
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,  
They prosper best of all when I am thence.  
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were so;  
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.  
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,  
To be no better then a homely Swaine,  
To sit vpon a hill, as I do now,  
To carue out Dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the Minutes how they runne:  
How many makes the Houre full compleate,  
How many Houtes brings about the Day,  
How many Dayes will finish vp the Yeare,  
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue,  
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:  
So many Houtes, must I tend my Flocke;  
So many Houtes, must I take my Rest:  
So many Houtes, must I Contemplate:  
So many Houtes, must I Sport my selfe:  
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:  
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:  
So many yeares, ere I shall there the Fleece:  
So Minutes, Houtes, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,  
Past ouer to the end they were created,  
Would bring white haire, vnto a Quiet graue.  
Ah! what a life were this? How sweet? how lovely?  
Giues not the Hawthorne bush a sweeter shade  
To Shepheards, looking on their silly Sheepe,  
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie  
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?  
Oh yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.  
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,

His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,  
His wonted sleepe, vnder a fresh trees shade,  
All which secure, and sweetly he enioyes,  
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:  
His Viands sparkling in a Golden Cup,  
His bodie couched in a curious bed,  
When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.*

*Son.* Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,  
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,  
May be possessed with some store of Crownes,  
And I that (haply) take them from him now,  
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them  
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.  
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,  
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:  
Oh heauy times! begetting such Euent.  
From London, by the King was I prest forth,  
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,  
Came on the part of Yorke, prest by his Master:  
And I, who at his hands recei'd my life,  
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.  
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:  
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.  
My Teares shall wipe away these bloody markes:  
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

*King.* O pitteous spectacle! O bloody Times!  
Whiles Lyons Warre, and bataille for their Dennes,  
Poore harmlesse Lambes abide their enmity.  
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,  
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,  
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe.

*Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.*

*Fa.* Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,  
Giue me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold:  
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.  
But let me see: Is this our Foe-mans face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.  
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw vp thine eye: see, see, what showres arise,  
Blowne with the windie Tempest of my heart,  
Vpon thy wounds, that kill mine Eye, and Heart,  
O pittie God, this miserable Age!  
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?  
Erroneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,  
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?  
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too soone,  
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

*King.* Wo about wo: greefe, more the common greefe  
O that my death would stay these ruthfull deeds:  
O pittie, pittie, gentle heauen pittie:  
The Red Rose and the White are on his face,  
The fatall Colours of our struiuing Houses:  
The one, his purple Blood right well resembles,  
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) presenteth:  
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish:  
If you contend, a thousand liues must wither.

*Son.* How will my Mother, for a Fathers death  
Take on with me, and ne're be satisfi'd?

*Fa.* How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Sonne,  
Shed seas of Teares, and ne're be satisfi'd?

*King.* How will the Country, for these wofull chancas,  
*Mif-thinke*

*Mif-thinke* the King, and not be satisfied?  
*Son.* Was euer sonne, so reu'd a Fathers death?  
*Fa.* Was euer Father so bemoan'd his Sonne?  
*Hen.* Was euer King so greu'd for Subiects woe?  
Much is your sorrow; Mine, ten times so much.  
*Son.* Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.  
*Fa.* These armes of mine shall be thy winding sheet:  
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher;  
For from my heart, thine Image ne're shall go.  
My fighting brest, shall be thy Funerall bell;  
And so obsequious will thy Father be,  
Men for the losse of thee, hauing no more,  
As Priam was for all his Valiant Sonnes,  
Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,  
For I haue murdered where I should not kill. *Exit*  
*Hen.* Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;  
Heere sits a King, more wofull then you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.*

*Prin.* Fly Father, fly: for all your Friends are fled,  
And Warwick rages like a chafed Bull:  
Away, for death doth hold vs in pursuite.  
*Qu.* Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke post a-  
maine:  
*Edward and Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,  
Haue the fearfull flying Hare in sight,  
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody Steele graspt in their yrefull hands  
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.  
*Exet.* Away: for vengeance comes along with them.  
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,  
Or else come after, Ile away before.  
*Hen.* Nay take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:  
Not that I feare to stay, but loue to go  
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

*Aloud alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my Candle out; I heere it dies,  
Which whiles it lasted, gaue King Henry light.  
O Lancaster! I feare thy ouerthrow,  
More then my Bodies parging with my Soule:  
My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,  
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,  
Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud Yorke;  
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?  
And who shines now, but Henries Enemies?  
O Phoebe! had'st thou neuer given consent,  
That Phaeton should cheeke thy fiery Steeds,  
Thy burning Carre neuer had scorch'd the earth.  
And Henry, had'st thou sway'd as Kings should do,  
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,  
Giuing no ground vnto the house of Yorke,  
They neuer then had sprung like Sommer Flies:  
I, and ten thousand in this lucklesse Realme,  
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,  
And thou this day, had'st kept thy Chaire in peace.  
For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle ayre?  
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?  
Bootelesse are Plaints, and Curelesse are my Wounds:  
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:  
The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pittie:  
For at their hands I haue deferu'd no pittie.  
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,